

Shoulda Coulda

RJmrLA

You?

You a shoulda' coulda'

On my momma I'm on

I wish a motherfucker would try to try me
Roman numeral number 4, get an IV
Chain Gold, shine though, no I.D
High speed through the I.E. with a 9 piece
Swap meets, spot me, nigga bop bleed
Boom bop, when I squab, different Glock's squeeze
She can be bowling', fucking knock me
You can give her your bread, nigga not me
On mother, fuck her no lover
Fuck her young mother, when I come, burn rubber
Got her on the upper, yeah she down, no cover
Stepping on the sofa and her supper
Yo, just say it's just struggle
Bottles be coming, I spot a club
And the bitches you kissing in public
Freak out on popping their stomach
L.A. Cubic Zirconia's
Ask them niggas who know me
I'll beat the shit out of you and your homies
On motherfuckin' chuck

You a shoulda' coulda' woulda' ass nigga
I'm a wish a nigga would on the hood ass nigga
You a shoulda' coulda' woulda' ass nigga
I'm a wish a nigga would on the hood ass nigga
(I wish you would)
I put that on me, on mom's
Put that on the set
On God
You don't really want these problems
Put that me and on God

This a real nigga talkin'
I'm a' tell you like this
Tats on my face stand for some real hood shit
Yeah, So don't start with me
'Cause like Backstreet, I'll make it pop today
'Cause I ain't playin' with you shoulda' coulda' woulda' ass niggas
Pick or choose but I wish you would ass niggas
Straight custard, never in the hood nigga
Your name all in paper, all crooked ass nigga
I'm a neighborhood nigga and I honor that
So I grew my hair long and got a hunnid tats
They say the streets have blown a killa' inside a CVS
'Cause niggas fake cheese like a thousand counterfeits
And it's on my momma
Fuck around with me, you gone meet my llama
Got a little crease but the bitches ain't smelling
You front on me and I'm a' put a shell in you
I'm telling you!